THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

of

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

ANDREA MELLIS, mezzo-soprano

assisted by

ALEXANDRA MUNN, piano

Monday, April 21, 1975 at 8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE ..... Henry Purcell
ADAM'S SLEEP
LORD, WHAT IS MAN?

CHANSONS DE BILITIS ..... Claude Debussy

La Flûte du Pan
La Chevelure
Le Tombeau de Naiades

HERMIT SONGS ..... Samuel Barber

At St. Patrick's Purgatory
Church Bell at Night
The Heavenly Banquet
The Crucifixion
Sea-Snatch
Promiscuity
The Praises of God
The Desire for Hermitage

INTERMISSION

VIER ERNSTE GESANGE ..... J. Brahms

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh
Ich wandte mich und sahe an
O Tod, wie bitter bist du
Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelsungen redete

PENSA ALLA PATRIA (from "L'Italiana in Algeri") ..... G. Rossini

THE TREES THEY GROW SO HIGH ..... arr. B. Britten
THE ASH GROVE
OLIVER CROMWELL

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the Master of Music degree for Miss Mellis.

LA FLUTE DE PAN

THE FLUTE OF PAN

For the day of the Hyacinths,
He gave me a syrinx made
Of well-cut reeds,
Joined with the white wax
That is sweet on my lips like honey.
He teaches me to play, while I sit on his knees;
But I tremble just a little.
He plays it after me, so softly
That I can hardly hear him.
We have nothing to say,
So close we sit to each other;
But our songs want to give question and answer,
And gradually our lips
Join on the flute.
It is late;
Now the chant of the green frogs
Is starting with the night.
My mother will never believe
That I stayed out so long
In search of my lost belt.

LA CHEVELURE

THE TRESSES

He told me: "Last night, I dreamed.
I had your tresses around my neck.
I had your tresses like a dark chain
Around my neck and on my breast."
I caressed them and they were my own;
And we were thus forever joined,
By the same tresses, lips on lips,
As two laurels often have but one root."
"And gradually, it seemed to me,
So much were our limbs entwined,
That I became yourself,
Or that you entered into me, like my dream."
When he had finished,
He gently laid his hands upon my shoulders,
And he looked at me with a glance so tender,
That I cast down my eyes and trembled.

LE TOMBEAU DES NAÏADES

THE TOMB OF THE NAIADS

Along the woods covered with frost, I wandered;
My hair before my mouth blossomed with tiny icicles,
And my sandals were heavy with soiled clods of snow.
He says to me: What are you looking for?"
I follow the trace of the Satyr.
His little hoofprints alternate like holes in a white coat.

He tells me: "The Satyrs are dead.
The Satyrs and also the Nymphs.
In thirty years there has been no winter as terrible as this.
The spoor which you see is that of a buck.
But let us stay here, on the site of their tomb."
And with the iron of his hatchet, he broke the ice of spring
where once the Naiads were laughing.
He took large frozen pieces, and holding them towards the
pale sky,
He gazed through them.

VIER ERNSTE GESANGE

(1) DENN ES GEHET DEM MENSCHEN

For it befalleth man as it does the beast;
As that dies, so he dies too.
And they all have the same breath,
And man has no more than the beast,
For all is vanity.
All things go to the same place,
For everything is made of dust
And turns to dust again.
Who knows if the spirit of man goes upward,
And the breath of the beast downward,
Downward into the earth?
Therefore I saw there is nothing better
Than that a man should rejoice in his work,
For that is his portion.
For who shall bring him to see
What shall be after him?

(2) ICH WANDTE MICH UND SAHE AN

I turned'round and looked at all
Who suffered wrongs beneath the sun.
And behold, there were the tears of those
Who suffered wrongs and had no comforter
And they who wronged them were too mighty
So that they could not have any comforter.
Then I praised the dead who had already died
More than the living, who still had life.
And he who does not yet exist is better off than both,
And does not know of the evil that happens beneath the sun.

(3) O TOD, O TOD, WIE BITTER

Oh death, oh death, how bitter are you!
When a man thinks of you,
He who has a good life and enough
And who lives without cares
And who fares well in all things,
And who still may eat!
Oh death, oh death, how bitter are you!
Oh death, how welcome you are to the needy one,
He who is weak and old,
And whose life is filled with cares,
And has nothing better to hope for, nor to expect;
Oh death, oh death, how welcome are you!

(4) WENN ICH MIT MENSCHEN

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
And have not charity,
I am become as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy,
And understand all mysteries and all knowledge;
And though I have faith so that I could move mountains,
And yet have not charity,
I am nothing.
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
And suffer my body to be burned,
And have not charity
It profits me nothing.
For now we see through a mirror, darkly,
But then, face to face.
Now I know partly,
But then shall I know it,
Even as I am known.
And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three;
But the greatest of these is charity.

L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI

ISABELLA

My friends, in any and every eventuality,
I place my trust in you. But I hope now shortly
without any risk and without a blow,
to carry through the intended undertaking.
Why do you laugh, Taddeo? It's always possible
I might have the laugh on you.

(to Lindoro)

You turn pale,
gentle slave" Oh, if my danger and my tender love
awake your pity,
if country, duty and honour
speak to your heart, from the others learn
to show yourself Italian, and let a woman
teach you how to be strong
in face of every vixxicitude of fickle fortune.
Think of your country and do
your duty courageously;
see reborn all over Italy
examples
of bravery and valour, yes,
of bravery and valour.
See all over Italy
deeds of bravery and daring.

(to Taddeo)

Stupid! Are you laughing?
Ass! Are you laughing still?
Be off, you annoy me!

(to Lindoro)

Dearest, let love, duty,
love, duty and honour speak in your breast
My friends, in every eventuality,...

The moment is near...

But if the game goes ill...

What happiness! Shortly
we shall see our country's shores once more.
(In the face of beloved's danger
love gives me courage.)